

RED INDIANS

I have known

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A Naval Officer's Plea

WORK among the Red Indians of British Columbia was begun at the instigation of a naval officer, Captain (afterwards Admiral) J. C. Prevost, R.N. While discharging his duties on the North Pacific coast he was impressed with the character and intelligence of the Red Indians. He reported that this fine race were not idolaters, but believed in two great spirits, one good and one bad; in their desire to become civilized they were quickly copying the habits of the foreign miners and traders who had introduced "fire water," and it was rapidly having a harmful effect. Captain Prevost pleaded with the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to send a missionary to what then seemed a remote part of the British Empire.

Thus it was that in December, 1856, when Captain Prevost returned to the North Pacific in command of H.M.S. *Satellite*, he carried on board a young school-master, Mr. W. Duncan, the first Christian missionary to the Indians of British Columbia. God greatly blessed the Mission, and in five years there was a considerable Indian Christian settlement at Metlakahtla. Captain Prevost followed the work with keen and practical interest; indeed, to him belongs the honour of being the first preacher of the Gospel to the Indians of Kitkatla, which some years later (1887) became the eighth station in the C.M.S. British Columbia Mission. The work among the Nishga Indians at Aiyansh was begun by the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, the writer of this little book.

The Canadian Church is proposing to take over the responsibility of the whole of the mission work among Red Indians and Eskimo in North-West Canada and British Columbia, and part of the Thankoffering for Victory and Peace for which the C.M.S. is asking will go towards the endowment of the work.

RED INDIANS I HAVE KNOWN

BY THE

REV. J. B. McCULLAGH

Missionary of the C.M.S. at Aiyansh, British
Columbia, since 1883

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. E. PAYNE

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RED INDIANS I HAVE KNOWN

A Word to the Reader

TO come into life and grow up like a prisoner in the darkness of heathenism is the greatest calamity that can befall a human being. In that darkness there may be laughter, it is true, but it is the laughter of the idiot ; there may be joy, but it borders on frenzy ; there may be pleasure, but it is only animal ; happiness there is none. From the cradle to the grave everything is make-believe, and the whole atmosphere of life is a lie—leading unto death !

In the late seventies a few Red Indians in the valley of the Naas in British Columbia stepped out of this deadly night into the light and liberty of the Gospel. They found their way into the Kingdom through the guiding shafts of light thrown out by a distant mission—in other words, itinerant native teachers, and sometimes a missionary visited the village of Gitlakdamiks. Many of the villagers opposed the Christian teachers, and were openly hostile, but a few believed.

Now, when one speaks of “believers,” it is necessary for the reader to understand exactly what is implied. We will imagine a large mountain. Those who dwell on the mountain know all the peaks, passes, valleys, and slopes, and have names for them. This mountain is Christianity, and the people are, we will say, English believers. Imagine now a people who never saw a mountain ; up out of the bowels of the dark earth they come into the

day; standing afar on they wonderingly gaze at the blue, hazy immensity rising up to the sky. They see it clothed in the glory of a heavenly light: they see it in its entirety, but they know nothing of its wealth of detail, its lovely crags, charming glens, and sparkling rills; they only hope to reach that mountain and live there some day. These are Indian believers just emerged from heathenism.

In a general sense Giekqu and the others understood, and in an unquestioning way believed; but while grasping the idea of the Kingdom in its entirety, they knew little, and cared less, for the details. Their faith was the faith of a child. This faith was soon put to the proof.

Picture to yourselves the situation: a little band of five believers, unable to give a reason for the faith that was in them, standing firm against the aroused hostility of nearly five hundred foes, erstwhile their friends and brethren! Without the support usually accorded to converts by the presence of a missionary, they fought a "retiring action," and won the initiative by taking up a new position. Choosing rather to suffer loss in the world than be aliens to God, they left the village of Gitlakdamiks, and settled at a place about two miles away, each building a little hut for himself and his family. Thus the Christian settlement of Aiyansh,¹ which in time eclipsed the heathen village, had its beginning. Dwelling together here in unity, the faithful few had the benefit of two years' instruction from native teachers, after which they were admitted to the Church by baptism.

At this point in their history I came upon the scene, and began the work which it has been my privilege to carry on there for more than thirty years. And now for a brief character-sketch of several of those first believers and some others.

¹ Since these lines were penned Aiyansh has been destroyed by flood.



A Chief on the War-path

IMAGINE a large open country between two ranges of glorious mountains, with a mighty river running through it down to the sea. This is the valley of the Naas in the far north-west of British Columbia, a country of lakes and streams, timbered forest and open glade. The skies are blue and the air clear, as the summer sun shines down in its strength upon the tawny children of Gitlakdamiks building sand castles on the river beach.

There was great excitement in the town, for a white man¹ had just arrived. "Who is he?" "What does he want?" "Why has he brought two canoes filled with lumber?" "Is he going to build a house and live here?" Such were the questions eagerly asked.

The truth soon leaked out. "The white man is a *leplete* (missionary); he is now eating in the house of Giekqu, who is his friend." "The head chief is sulky because Giekqu has the white man for his guest; and the chiefs are all angry." "The missionary is a medicine man, he can cut open men's bodies and take stones out of their inside.

¹ This was the Rev. R. Tomlinson; the story opens forty years ago.

He made Giekqu's wife better when our doctor could not cure her with all his rattling."

Meanwhile the visitor had finished eating and was talking to a few men seated before him. Suddenly a man entered and snapped out in an insolent tone: "The chiefs assembled in council would speak to the white man."

The white man proceeded to the council house, smiling to all and sundry (but receiving no smile in return), and took his seat. There was a period of silence, and then speeches were made against the visitor, calmly at first, but working up to violent anger. The council was presided over by a chief of evil aspect, who in his excitement unwittingly revealed the fact that, under his blanket, he was gripping a double-bladed dagger. A man standing near the door slipped out quietly.

A Dramatic Entrance

The atmosphere was getting blue; many voices were flinging abuse at the unperturbed missionary, when bang! the door was flung wide open, and in strode the noble figure of Tkaganlakhatqu, his head thrown back, his eyes aflame, his nostrils dilated, and his mane of coal-black hair falling down his neck. Like an enraged lion he roared: "What son of a slave-woman has dared to snarl at my friend here, the leplete? Is it this good-for-nothing fellow here," planting himself squarely in front of the presiding chief, "who comes to council with a dagger concealed beneath his blanket?" (He had been informed of what was going on when he returned from fishing a moment before.) "An ye would flesh your blade, flesh it here," he cried, tearing open the breast of his shirt—"if you are man enough! Come, strike! strike! I say. No? Well, let it be known that he who will strike the white man must strike me!"

Then, turning to the white man, he said: "Come, follow me." They went out together. Not a word was spoken, not a voice raised; for who would dare to come to grips with Chief Tkaganlakhatqu? Had he not slain men in his anger before, and was he not capable of doing it again?

That evening Tkaganlakhatqu sat in his house thinking over the events of the day. He was willing to be the missionary's friend. But he had never intended to set out on the Christian way—at least, not alone. He had now committed himself and was bound to go on. But was he? Was it not the tribe he had defended? That stupid council would have brought down the whole force of the white man's law upon the tribe, and he had saved them. No, he would just be friends with the Christians, that was all. Let the white man take back his canoes and material. What did the boys of his generation want with a school!

In Giekqu's house the missionary also sat thinking things out. He had brought up enough lumber to build a small school, and now it seemed as if he would have to take it back again. But was there no way out? Why not build it on that piece of land at Aiyansh, two miles lower down; a building there might come in useful later on. Yes, and that would not be defeat, only a change of plan.

The next morning the missionary took his canoes and men down to Aiyansh. There they built a school shack all alone on the river bank, and then returned to the coast. The Indians were triumphant, and the empty house was the joke of the village. But that house solved the problem and saved the situation in a way that no man expected.

A Move

In late autumn a party of Indians who had been up-country to the "diggings" came back, bringing with them a renegade white man, a man after their own heart as a hater of God, who, when he saw how things were, sought to please the tribe by announcing his intention of taking up as a farm (as by law he was entitled to do if he wished), that piece of land on which the little school shack stood. He would then become the legal owner of that shack which, he declared, should be used as a root house for his potatoes and turnips.

Now when Tkaganlakhatqu heard this, his wrath was kindled not a little. But what to do he knew not. That night found him in the valley of decision.

In the early morning the village was amazed to find Tkaganlakhatqu pulling down his house and making a raft of the material. A crowd gathered and many inquiries were made; but the only reply received was: "I build and I pull down." When he had the material and all his belongings on the raft the chief cut it loose and, drifting down stream to the place where the little school stood, immediately set to work to build a cabin for himself and family, making it comfortable as only an Indian knows how. "Now," he cried, "let that white trash come and make a turnip house of this school—if he is able!"

In a short time a few other Indians gathered round Tkaganlakhatqu and with a native teacher to instruct them formed the beginning of a Christian community. It was soon after their baptism that I reached Aiyansh. Tkaganlakhatqu took the name of Abraham. Giekqu became Daniel, Stabah, Philip, Shagait-kshi-wan, Moses, and the fifth Matthew. Faithful five!

The Glad Eye

I shall not soon forget my first meeting with Chief Tkaganlakhatqu, or Abraham Wright as he came to be called. He was on the Fraser River when I arrived at Aiyansh in September, and did not return until November 7, by which time my log house had been finished. A strange voice shouting outside my house in the evening attracted my attention, and going out to see who it was, I found a fine, dignified-looking Indian of middle age standing there. His attire consisted of blue China pants and a weathered shirt wide open at the breast, while a very old-fashioned and much-indented silk hat adorned his noble head! "*Hello, tilicum clah howya?*" I said. "*Close, hyas close, Tyee-close mika chacko!*" he cried, and we shook hands. My knowledge of his language extended no further, and so the torrent of words which followed washed quite over me. Then he made me to understand that the snow was due to fall that night, and certain things which had been left lying about must be gathered in.

But if Abraham and I could not talk to one another, we could grunt and grin, and show the glad eye! He looked me up and down and said: "Ahm!" I looked him over and said the same.

Abraham was a man of strong emotions, easily affected, and when roused very determined. Though capable in many ways he was not very clever; but he was brave, loyal, kind, and unselfish. Devoid of the usual Indian cunning, he was not always very diplomatic in affairs of state, but he was as honest as the day, and industrious as an ant. His face was free and open, with high brow, eyes well set apart, high cheek bones, broad flat nose with well-curved nostrils, a large mouth cut on generous lines, and a well-developed chin. Like many Indians his face was almost smooth, but his hair was fine like silk, coal black, and inclined to curl. When occasion required he took some pride in his personal appearance, and when on "parade" there was a second-to-none air about him which stamped him as a chief. He had strong convictions, and could more easily have won the martyr's crown than have acquired the halo of the saint.

One fine winter day, hearing a dog yelling piteously on the ice in front of my house, I went out to see what was wrong, and found Abraham and Philip beating a miserable cur most unmercifully with big sticks. The dog, which was harnessed to a sleigh, had rolled over on its back in despair while these two belaboured it. "How dare you treat God's dog like that?" I cried. Speechless with passion Abraham faced me, but I held him with my eye until he blenched. Then Philip began in a deprecating voice: "But it is not God's dog at all, chief; it is only a common Indian dog." "God has made nothing common," I replied. "Loose it, and let it go."

They told me afterwards that they did not know they were doing an evil thing, and vowed never to do the like again.

Seventeen years passed; the little village became a town, with its council, constables, and by-laws. Two dogs, carriers of infection, were ordered to be destroyed. Abraham, who was now getting old,

roped the dogs and led them away, accompanied by a constable with a rifle. An hour later the constable came to me with a story. They had taken the dogs to a certain place, and the constable made ready to shoot. But Abraham said: "Wait a moment, my son; let us pray." And kneeling down he prayed: "Almighty God, in this matter we do not wish to act contrary to Thy will, or to be cruel to Thy creatures; in the interests of the children it is necessary to destroy these animals, they being badly diseased. We therefore pray Thee to judge us mercifully, and forgive us our sins, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Seventeen years and the lesson of mercy still fresh and green!

As chief councillor, Abraham showed many sterling qualities, and ruled his little state with a wise and firm hand. A woman brought up her husband for striking her, and Abraham heard the case: "Fined five dollars each; a woman's tongue strikes as hard as a man's fist!"

"If We can Only Strike a Match"

Abraham never failed to have family worship in his home. He became a preacher of great eloquence. He had committed many texts and portions of Scripture to memory with great pains, and would sit for hours with me learning about them. Then I would ask him to preach sometimes in the street. He was always worth listening to. "What is the use," he would say, "of holding your water-bottle beneath the trickle with the stopper in its neck? Some of you sit beneath the down-pouring of God's grace, but do not get filled. Why? Because you have not taken the stopper out of your hearts!"

"We may not, like the white man," he once exclaimed, "be able to show a great light; but if we can only strike a match in the darkness it may show the way of salvation to a lost soul!"

When he saw me first setting up type, he said: "Why do you waste your time playing with these pins?" But when he saw how the printed page was produced, he began to learn to spell, and was soon chalking his accomplishments all over the town!

I happened to be in my dispensary one morning

when Abraham and a new convert came into the waiting-room. Not expecting me to be there so early their conversation was loud and free. Abraham was giving his companion hints as to how he should behave, especially with regard to the missionary. "Smile," he said, "always smile when you speak to him, and say 'Ahm' when he tells you to do anything. It is better to meet a grizzly than come near him when he is angry! You can always tell; if you see two little red spots on his cheeks, then get out of his way as fast as you can! Mind you never go to sleep in church, because he will stop preaching and call on you to wake up, and you will be ashamed. He is very warm-hearted when preaching—he kicked the front out of the pulpit a few Sundays ago!" Here I thought it was time to cough! "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oorsels as ithers see us!"

The building of Aiyansh church was the autumnal glory of Abraham's life, and his great heart was worth a dozen men to me then. We laid a trolley-line from the river bank to the building site, and with a team of dogs hitched to the trolley he hauled up all the material. He took an interest in everything, encouraged everybody, and helped in every way. When the large rafters for the roof were being dressed and fitted on the ground, he objected strongly. Why not cut them in their places on the building? Who ever saw a thing cut and fitted away from its place? At last the great cedar beams were hoisted up, and Abraham sat watching, ready to exclaim: "I told you so!" But when the beams slid smoothly into their sockets, and interlocked to a hair's breadth, and the men cheered, he rolled over, crying out: "Oh, the 'good-for-nothing' white man; let me now die, for I have seen all that the world can show!"

We had prayers every morning, afternoon, and evening up among the scaffolding as we builded, and Abraham was the chaplain. In thinking back I cannot very well determine which looms up larger in my vision, Abraham or the church we were building. But one thing is clear—the desire to thrust my arm back through the intervening years, and feel again the clasp of that horny hand.



A Wild Man of the Woods

IT was grand in those far-away days when I began to feel my wings!—when, instead of stumbling along amid the intricacies of Nishga grammar, I was able to *fly*! Most people have some idea of what this means; for who has not dreamed of such a change in his physical being, and performed exploits in his sleep? But to have the same experience in real life is more thrilling still, especially if (as in the dream) one comes abruptly into contact with a haystack, and the little birds begin to sing: “Back to the Land!”

A Figure in the Doorway

Our infant congregation were most appreciative, and blessed with a good spiritual appetite, as we met for worship one lovely Sunday in June in our little shack-church at Aiyansh. On his new-fledged wings the missionary sought to rise to the occasion; his teaching was full of illustrations drawn from Indian life: his appeal and application were convincing, and he was cheered to behold the expression of rapt attention on the faces of his hearers, when—lo, the haystack!—in the doorway stood the grinning, gibbering figure of a perfectly naked wild man of the woods. An idiotic laugh brought every head round as on a swivel.

The missionary cried: “Catch him!”

The women exclaimed: “*Duanai!*”

The men jumped.

But the figure had gone splash into the river, with just the remnant of his *ha-ha-ha* floating in the air behind him.

This was my first introduction to T'Gak—just a nodding acquaintance, destined to grow into a closer friendship later. He was, I learned, from Gitlakdamiks; had been rather “dotty” all his life, but had quite gone off his head lately; and now he lived as a wild man in the woods.

Next Sunday he appeared again. Several men succeeded in getting hold of him, yet they could not keep him; he slipped through their fingers and into the river as before. But when he turned up the third time we got him—hooked him like a sheep—and deposited him in one of the shacks.

Sitting there before him, and looking into his monkey-like eyes, I wondered what I was going to do with him. No matter what I said I failed to kindle a gleam of intelligence in his eyes. At last I tried the line of fear. Pulling out my pocket-knife I pretended to make a jab at him; he winced, and a flash of apprehension glimmered for an instant in his eye. Putting back my knife I followed the clue. “You have too much blood, too much blood,” I insisted, looking fixedly at him. “I take some blood,” I went on, repeating the words many times. It seemed as if the word blood had really penetrated to his brain; and so I made up my mind to try an experiment, rushing in, I suppose, where angels would have feared to tread.

“Too Much Blood——”

I had been delving into Gall and other writers on the brain, and had been much interested, and it occurred to me that if I could reach the brain, I might get a result. So, having taken two or three intelligent Indians into my confidence, and instructed them in the parts they were to play, we took the patient (I had almost said, the victim) and laid him out upon a table, and bound him down. His arms were then held out at right angles by two assistants, each of whom had a tin bucket at his feet and a bottle of warm water, coloured with red ink, in his pocket. In my own hand appeared a

little blade of gleaming steel. Again I insisted, "Too much blood—too much blood—I take some blood," looking into his eyes and pressing the forefinger of my right hand on the middle of his brow. Then we blindfolded him, and I noticed a tremor of the lips.

There was a dead silence. With a chip I sharply scratched each arm, my assistants immediately dropping warm water on the places, and this trickling down the forearm fell drop—drop—drop into the buckets. The dropping continued, and could be distinctly heard above the deep breathing of my assistants and the ticking of my watch, as I kept my fingers on the pulse.

At a motion of my head a man cried out: "*Aw nai gusgaule!*" ("Oh dear, what a quantity of blood!") Then silence again. Another motion of my head and two others made the same exclamation. The pulse was now distinctly feeble, then it began missing a beat or two; so I thought it was time to stop, and gave the word: "Clear away."

There was a bustling sound of washing and wiping, and moving buckets; pieces of adhesive plaster were put on each "wound," and the bandage removed from the eyes. Our subject lay as limp as a rag, he could not sit up, but in his eye there was a natural look, as he gasped out: "*Ukdak nei!*" ("I'm hungry!")

We took him to Abraham's shack, put him to bed, and gave him some food, and by and by he fell asleep. Every day I visited him and talked with him, and presently walked about with him, clothed and in his right mind.

Joseph Makes Good

T'Gak stayed on at Aiyansh, became a candidate for baptism, and was eventually baptized. Soon after this we had a revival of religion among the Indians, and, as is usual in such cases, there was a good deal of emotional excitement in the air. Personally, I don't favour this kind of thing; it does not help to "build up," and the results as a rule are not lasting. But we must take hold of

things as they transpire and try to make the best of everything. Joseph, as he was now called, got very excited, and one night I heard him out on the street, yelling and shouting and praying. I thought: "He will soon be crazy again if he goes on like that." So I got up and dressed and went out to him as he stood addressing the stars. Slipping my arm through his I led him into the mission house. In a low, quiet voice I talked to him, and he responded on a high falsetto note; it took him some time to divest his voice of the timbre of the stars. We sat together all night, and in the early morning I got him to bed. But it was a near thing.

When we began building the church there was literally "no end" to Joseph. Out in the mountain gullies cutting cedar logs he was "all there." In driving the logs down the creek where the men were up to their armpits in cold icy water all day long, Joseph was like a beaver. Wherever a sure foot, steady eye and clear head were necessary it was, *Kal, Joseph!* And he was merry, witty, good-natured and absolutely obedient, the life and soul of the camp, and full of consideration for everybody but himself. He had a nice face, and perfect teeth—white like ivory—which showed wonderfully when he grinned; and always and ever there was a jolly smile of good-fellowship on that face.

When it came to the building of the spire on our church, Joseph was the leader of the daring trio who undertook to complete the dizzy job.

Then Joseph joined the Church Army, and took turns at carrying the banner and beating the drum when the Army marched forth to war. Once when the Army marched 150 miles in zero weather over the snow to preach to the heathen on the Skeena River, and got lost in a blizzard on their return, it was Joseph who enabled them to weather the storm. He climbed a tree to the very top and took observations; he located springs, and spied out camping places where there was plenty of dry fuel. And when one of the party got frozen feet it was Joseph who rubbed snow on them, and rushed the man forward on his own sledge at express speed. When the Army returned Joseph was a hero! And he

had all the true marks of a hero, for he never thought he had done more than his "little bit."

Marriage Banns

But, alas and alack! One fine spring morning my young friend's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. She was perfectly sweet, that goes without saying (they always are!), and her pink frock and beaded moccasins, to say nothing of the ribbon that bound her hair, were in the best possible taste; and Joseph lost his heart to begin with—his head was to follow later.

And so a proposal of marriage was arranged. A scrumptious dress was procured at the Hudson Bay Company's store, a hat with a feather in it and lots of roses, and these were placed in a lady's trunk and sent by the hand of an aged crone, who sang Joseph's praises to the lady fair and left the trunk in her hands. The proposal was "scorned," but the fact remained that the gifts were "slept upon" for two nights, which showed that the "scorning" was only intended to enhance the lady's charms. Joseph was therefore quite elated and, after a respectful period, sent his trunk again with more "fetching" things in it. This time he employed a spokeswoman who pleaded his cause to some purpose. And so the day was fixed, the banns were published, and Joseph was married. The wedding feast was an event to be remembered, everybody was happy and wished the bride and bridegroom a happy life for ever after.

But again, alas and alack! there is more in marriage than pink frocks and beaded moccasins. The binding of the book was a work of art, but when Joseph opened the volume and began to read he found things there that puzzled him. His wife coveted many things which the white man alone produced and money alone could procure, and so, to please her, he went off to the gold-fields to work, and took her with him. For an Indian with a young and comely wife this was a disastrous venture. Jealousies arose and quarrels ensued. Joseph's meals were neglected, his wife was often absent, and he was unhappy. At last he struck her, and

she left him. It seemed to be considered that because Joseph was once mad, no bond or tie held good in his case; and yet people always made him pay his debts!

After this I lost sight of my young friend for some years, and then it came to my knowledge that another man (a heathen) was "leading about" his wife, and that they sometimes passed through my district.

"I will Avenge Myself"

It was with great joy and pleasure that I saw Joseph sitting, one Sunday, in his old place in church. His eyes were fastened on me during the sermon, and there was a look of conflicting emotion in his face. After service he came to see me in the vestry. He was trembling, and it plainly cost him an effort to control himself.

"I will speak to you, master," he cried. "You know about me, that I have been made an outcast, and that every day I eat my tears with my food, and my heart is sore within me. The man who has done this thing is making himself happy on my happiness, and the fire is warm in his *wilp* (house). Behold! I go mourning and sad, and there is no fire alight in my wilp.

"Thinking of these things, my heart arose within me and said: 'I will avenge myself on that man, I will trample his life into the earth with my feet—I shall be satisfied.' I knew they were coming up this way, and I came here yesterday with the full intention of sitting across that man's trail and killing him."

Here he broke down and, putting his face in his hands, he wept. "*Oh, Mini Jesus*," he groaned, "*gaimgaudin laui, gaimgaudin laui!*" ("Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, have mercy on me!") "I was in great darkness," he went on, "but now the light of heaven has once more shined across my path and I cannot go that way any farther. I have heard again the words of life, the darkness has been cleft in twain and I have seen the glory of God this morning. I now let go of my intention. My hands shall not shed that man's blood. I could not go

away again without telling you, my father. My heart is calm now, my heart is happy, and I will try to follow the Lord Jesus Christ all the days of my life."

I gave him my blessing, I assured him of God's readiness to forgive, of God's gracious mercy and protection to those who, amid all the trials and tribulations of life, put their trust in Him, that always and ever around and under us are the everlasting arms, and that He will never leave or forsake His own.

I have not seen Joseph since, but I am told he is doing well, and that the fire of the love of God is alight in his wilp to comfort him.

No comment is made upon the restoration of my friend to a normal condition of mind. Science "knows its own know," and the verdict is that the shock I administered neutralized the effects of a previous shock--probably one received in infancy -- and restored the balance of nature. What is of interest to me is that a brand has been snatched from the burning, and one more soul added to the great multitude which no man can number who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.



A Hunter of the Stone Age

GIEKQU was born when the Indians were still in the stone age, and the European fur-trader, with his firearms and implements of metal, was only a rumoured sort of wonderman who had been seen by one or two of the travelled Indians.

As a boy Giekqu learned the art of hunting, and as he grew up he acquired some knowledge of the science of war in defending his country against the Tennes and other alien tribes. What a world of fear he lived in—quarrels, blood feuds, witchcraft, and daily alarms. What cunning and precaution were necessary every night to make sure that sleep might be in peace!

While Giekqu was still a young man, the *gamk-siwa* (white trader) had worked his way up to the coast as far as the mouth of the river; and the spoils of the chase had assumed a value hitherto undreamed of. A man might now turn a martin skin into a metal spoon, a tin cup, or a knife; and, if he had a run of luck for a few seasons, might discard his bow and arrows for a gun. The first

Indian in Gitlakdamiks to acquire a steel axehead wore it suspended round his neck as an ornament.

Being within easy reach of the trading post, Giekqu in time became a pedlar on his own account. With the proceeds of his own hunting he stocked his pack at the trading post, and then made his way overland to the interior, where he bought up furs, with which he again traded on his return. In this way he increased in goods, established himself in his chieftainship on his uncle's death, made a big *potlatch* (ceremonial feast), and erected a totem worthy of his crest. He built himself a large house, gathered round him a number of poor relatives, provided his family with the elementary accessories of civilization, and left the stone age behind.

After Many Days

In those days there arose a prophet called Beenee, a man claiming to have received a special revelation from the Great Spirit, who instituted a form of religion among the Indians—a wild whirligig kind of dance, with strict discipline, fasting, and prayer. He prophesied an approaching change in the Indian world, that slaves should become chiefs, and the chiefs common men; that messengers would come from the Great Spirit to teach the people—men who could read the very intents and thoughts of the heart.

Among others Giekqu came under the teaching and influence of Beenee. It was with great expectation that he heard, years later, of the arrival among another tribe of Indians of a teacher sent by the Great Spirit. But many years passed before Giekqu heard the Gospel preached in his villlage; indeed, he was then practically an old man. Twenty-five years of waiting—watching the far-away star of hope faintly glimmering through the darkness of heathen night! Twenty-five years of sighing; of vague longing after the unknown; of prayer, groping through the gloomy depths of superstition, and then—the light! When at last the missionary visited Gitlakdamiks¹ he found an attentive hearer, and afterwards a sincere believer,

¹ See page 5.

in Giekqu. He was one of those who followed Chief Tkaganlakhatqu to Aiyansh, and in course of time he was baptized, taking, appropriately, the name of Daniel.

By the Fireside

He was old and infirm when I first knew him, just able to get about with the aid of a stick. He lived in a miserable, smoky little shack at Aiyansh, sitting by the fire wrapped in a blanket, and praying most of the time. For him the Kingdom of Heaven had really come, and nothing remained but to increase it by gathering in the heathen. This was the burden of his prayer. His way of praying, "Thy Kingdom come" was to say: "Increase Thy people." Christians were called *Amahmit* (good ones), and the heathen were termed *Hadadakquit* (bad ones). Christian warfare meant that the good ones should dominate and triumph over the bad ones, with never a thought for the fight that should be waged in the believer's own heart against the evil within him. Thus it was that, while perceiving Daniel to be a saint, I failed to find any odour of sanctity about him, but rather a distinct savour of mundane hostility to all the "bad ones" of the earth. Still, I could sit beside the old man, put my heels in the ashes, and enjoy the glamour of his society—was he not born in the stone age?—and try to answer his many childish questions, without appearing to teach at all, but at the same time taking my innings.

A Worship Strike

It will be readily understood from what I have said that I had to be very careful in my teaching and preaching to this little flock so as not to give offence; for to suggest that the good ones had beams in their eyes, which ought to be pulled out before condemning the bad ones, was practically to go over to the enemy! It was difficult to steer clear of the rocks, even with the best intentions, and one Sunday I found myself face to face with a worship strike. My little congregation assembled for worship, it is true, but they would neither stand,

kneel, sing, nor pray : they just sat staring defiantly. For a moment I was at a loss how to proceed. In the end I informed them that the mission would be closed from the following Tuesday, as the missionary would that day be returning to the coast and probably to England !

Then began a little tug-of-war on diplomatic lines : if I would repent (apologize) they would repent, and everything would be all right ; but there was nothing doing on my side. The more eager they became, the more firmly I maintained my determination, until at last I declined to hear any more words from them. And then Daniel came to the rescue.

He had been ill in bed, but got up and came hobbling over to see me, and sat looking very dejected with his little grand-daughter holding his hand. Presently he began : “ You have come from afar over the great water, sir, to lay your hands on the eyes of the blind. That is good, very good. The blind see not, they only follow the imaginations of their hearts ; they keep moving their heads very awkwardly, so that you can hardly lay your hands upon their eyes. That is bad, very bad. Did you, sir, when you were a baby never turn your head this way and that when your mother came to wash your face ? And these people are children, sir, very awkward and wayward. But no mother ever said to her child : ‘ There now, you little bad one, I will leave you, cast you off, disown you, because you will not let me wash your face.’ Mothers are very long-suffering with their children, and these people are children, sir, just children.

“ It is said among the bad ones that you have come here in the power of the Great Spirit, and they expect to see you very strong. But if you leave us now, will it not be because your heart is weak ? And the bad ones will rejoice and say of us : ‘ Where is now their God ?’ They will think God has cast us off. That will be bad, sir, very bad. And we who are of the Kingdom will be humiliated and put to an open shame. And what will the servant of God have gained by that ? Nothing, sir, nothing at all.

“Therefore have pity upon these poor blind folk, sir. They don’t know how the trail lies, they can’t see the blazes. Is it not the evil spirit tempting them, so that your heart shall be made weak through them, and the Kingdom of Heaven brought to nought? Stay, sir, stay; I have waited many snows to see the goodness of God; and now I am getting near the end of the days. Before you were born, sir, I used to pray to the Great Spirit to send you to us, and now, behold, you are here, and you say you will go away. No, sir, that would not be good at all.”

“It is well, Daniel, it is well,” I said; “your talk is good, very good. I will stay on for your sake. I am glad you came to me; you are a good man—I salute you.”

The others came in afterward, very meek and lowly, and begged forgiveness, requesting that I should put them to the proof forthwith. “Command me to jump into the river now,” cried impulsive Abraham, “and you shall see my obedience!” This made me laugh, and so the “strike” ended.

A Difference With Sarah

As the days went by, Daniel very seldom left his seat near the fire, where he sat and sang hymns of his own composing. But one day I was surprised to see him led into the mission house by his little grand-daughter. He was evidently in trouble and very excited. “It is not well with me at all,” he panted; “Sarah (his wife) seems to have the bad spirit in her, and I get no peace!” I expressed the hope that it was not quite so bad as that, and awaited the particulars.

“Behold,” he went on, “I pray to the Almighty Father, and I have made my prayer to sing, and I sing continually. But Sarah says I am breaking the law, because all hymns are made in heaven, and then handed down to the white man, who keeps them in a book; and if we sing anything that is not in the book, then we break the law. And I want to know all about that.”

“W-e-l-l,” I replied, fingering my thoughts: “Sarah is right in a way. Hymns, however, are

not quite made in heaven, but the Great Spirit bestows power on some men to make hymns ; they need not be white men, for the Spirit can put a hymn into the heart of an Indian just as well. I have no doubt He has been teaching you." Daniel's face brightened perceptibly.

"There now ! little one ;" he exclaimed, stroking his grand-daughter's hand, "did I not tell your grand-mother that, eh?"

I then got him to sing his hymn for me. And while he sang, beating time with his stick upon the floor, I wrote down the words. They were very simple, very pathetic, and might have formed a part of the book of Job. The refrain ran :

Enlarge Thy word within our hearts,
Increase Thy people, Lord.

Returning to his shack triumphant and justified, Daniel related to his wife what the missionary had said.

"There now !" exclaimed Sarah ; "what did I tell you?"

It was a pleasure to me to be able to secure for the old man some measure of peace and privacy during his last days. They were actually walking over him where he lay by the fire in everybody's way. So I set to work and built him a cubicle—a wooden bedstead built up as a closed compartment, with a window and door in the side, and papered within. This was placed in his shack, with the door opening towards the fire ; and here he was made comfortable with a mattress, pillows, and soft warm blankets. He could lie in his cubicle, see what was going on, and yet be out of the way of the dogs and family. In this comparative seclusion he passed the remainder of his days in peace ; and at last, one lovely autumn morning, he sang his hymn for the last time :

Tkal-yedan'l 'le Algiukin lak gagaudum,
Shi-anksye'l 'le Zabin, O Minum.



A Nature Lover

MY acquaintance with Shagait-kshi-wan (Sitting-outside-together), which was Moses Wann's Indian name, began in 1883, when I first went to Aiyansh, and I liked him from the beginning. Very careless of his personal appearance, he never took trouble over his toilet. His hair grew as it listed, and it generally listed a great deal. What little attire he condescended to wear never established a very close connexion with his person, but fluttered widely, as the breeze varied; and he never laced his boots. Food and clothing seemed very secondary things in his estimation, and yet he is the only human being I have met who seemed to be perfectly happy in himself and contented with his environment.

His Fingers in his Ears

I thought when I first saw Moses that I should like to give him some little moral and spiritual uplift; but, had I known then all I know now, I should have gone to him for lessons, and from Nature deduced my teaching in return. Anything from a book bewildered Moses—he could not learn that way. He was one of the five whom I tried at first to form into a little class for instruction; the others turned up, but Moses absented himself. I sent to inquire the reason, and received the answer that he was just lazy! I then begged his fellow

members to go and fetch him, which they did—by physical compulsion. But his heart was not in it; he sat the hour out with his elbows on his knees and his fingers in his ears. I let it go at that.

Next morning Moses went a-hunting, and, on going up a slope, he put the forefinger of his right hand in the muzzle of his gun to prevent its being choked with snow. Alas and alack! a small twig caught in the trigger, and Moses lost his finger from the second joint. After dressing his wound that evening, I sought to convey some crumbs of comfort to his aching heart by reminding him that every cloud has its silver lining, and every misfortune some sort of compensation, if one could only see it. In the present instance it ought to be some consolation to him to think that he would never put that finger in his ear again!

Back to Nature

One year Moses had a very successful hunt, and made some money. He therefore decided to try his hand at trading, and began with sugar, tea, and other odd things. Buying at nine and selling at twenty he prospered rapidly, and his business grew to substantial proportions. But the responsibilities of wealth were too much for his care-free spirit, and so he retired from business and reverted to nature.

Some of my happiest hours have been spent with Moses out in the woods. In the late spring or early summer the call of the wild becomes so insistent that one must have an outing—or perish. Just then everybody is busy with their gardens, and it is almost impossible to get a man to carry a pack; but if I go to Moses and engage him in conversation about wild flowers and beautiful places, he falls in with the proposition immediately, and off we go! We ferret out plants and flowers on the sunny southern crags and bluffs, and Moses gives me the history of them all. It is the same with birds and animals. Nobody that I know enjoys a beautiful view quite like Moses; he draws in his breath with rapture, and exclaims: "Oha! oha!" and his eyes fairly sparkle with pure delight.

One day towards noon I said to him: "It would be a most perfect outing if we could only have lunch without mosquitoes."

"You shall have lunch without mosquitoes," he observed. "Follow me." He led me to a charming glade through which a stream of clear spring water ran, and there on the grassy banks we took our ease, unmolested by even a sandfly.

"How is it," I inquired, that there are no *biausous* here?"

"Aw, the spirit of this pure water will not allow them here": a statement which was as near scientific truth as possible.

Moses has a penchant for transplanting trees. He once planted the streets of Aiyansh with pines, a difficult and arduous undertaking; but the cattle cropped them down. Before taking up a tree he ties a piece of rag to the branch pointing due east, and when he transplants it he has this branch pointing as before. I asked what the idea was. "Aw, all trees grow with twist round the sun. I plant as it stood before. The tree does not feel the move. It will not be sorry." I wonder how that is for science?

"Sitting Down in the Lowest Room"

Unlike most Indians Moses takes little interest in society — the potlatch does not appeal to him. But he is very public-spirited in matters affecting social improvement, and, when able to do so, gives liberally towards such objects as street lighting, road-making, or the upkeep of the town hall. During the three years we were building the church he practised continual self-denial in order that he might contribute largely to the funds. He does not consider himself qualified to compete with other Indians for a seat in the council, or to don the uniform of policeman; but he "stands by" faithfully on the side of law and order. Neither does he take an active part in any of our church organizations; but he is always in his place in church as a private individual.

Moses can be very funny, and he sometimes makes a speech in public which puts the people

into roars of laughter. On one occasion I was invited to preside at a public dinner, my seat being at the head of a long narrow table with the chiefs ranged on either side. Presently Moses came in and took the seat at the opposite end—his head shaved bald to correspond with mine!

Now and then Moses generates a desire to be a farmer, and, while the fit lasts, does wonders. Once he went in for raising pigs, and had about twenty; but they lived the life of a dog—that is to say, they herded round the house and foraged for themselves with the dogs. Moses repeatedly urged me to buy some fresh “piggan,” but, having seen how the pigs could scavenge, I—well, I declined! Moses also possesses a horse and cart, and I have seen him in the shafts himself pulling the cart while the horse walked along beside him superintending the operation. He was giving the horse an object-lesson! He taught the animal to eat dried salmon; and in winter time, when other people’s horses were thin and bony, Moses’ horse was fat and well-liking.

Dear old Moses—always young, always smiling, always happy; with never an enemy in the world, but many a friend; envious of no man. May he live still longer in that love and charity with his neighbours which has hitherto distinguished him; and in that simple faith in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, which has sustained him for many long years, until he lay life’s burden down and make the grand ascent to life eternal.



A Would-be Avenger

SHABAIM-NEUK was a smart young Indian when I first knew him. He was certainly more civilized than any other member of his tribe, and could speak "pidgin English" fairly well. I liked him, and, as far as his heathen habits allowed, he liked me, and made me welcome whenever I went to teach in his house. In return he would frequently come to see me at the mission, and occasionally we would take a day off and go exploring the adjacent country.

Shabaim - Neuk's wilp at Gitlakdamiks was spacious; more comfortable and better kept than any other wilp. His old father and mother lived with him, also several ancient uncles and grannies, and two brothers with their wives and families, to say nothing of two or three teams of huskies (dogs for drawing sledges). There ought to have been another brother, but—"he was not." On the hillside behind the village the garments worn by the latter when alive fluttered raggedly in the breeze above his untimely grave. He was not; and yet his was the dominating spirit of the wilp, for the foul deed which had cut him off remained still unavenged. And thereby hangs this tale.

The Stroke of the Assassin

Imagine a cold winter night, three feet of snow on the ground, the thermometer 15° below zero, and

the village of Gitlakdamiks heathenishly *en fête*. A potlatch was in full swing, and hundreds of tawny guests from far and near, robed in their tribal regalia of paint and feathers, crowded into the festal wilp. The chiefs of Gishbayaqus, of Gitwingak, of Gitwinkole, of Gitwinksilqu, and Angidah were all there, each seated in order of precedence, with his heir-apparent at his feet. A piled-up fire of logs crackled and blazed on the central hearth, fed occasionally with lumps of fish grease, which caused long tongues of flame and showers of sparks to shoot up to the roof; while the host in his "glorious apparel" (!) danced in the ruddy glow to the tapping of the drums, singing and scattering clouds of swansdown—the emblem of peace—over the assembled guests.

One man there, however, had other thoughts than those of peace stirring in his breast. Hadagim-simoigit (which means, Bad-chief) had a blood feud to settle; and from a far distant tribe, all unsuspecting, a young member of his enemy's family had come to the feast. The swansdown was supposed to unite all upon whom it fell in a pact of peace, but what had the avenger of blood to do with peace? Could he be bound by a wafted feather?

The guests returned to the various houses where hospitality had been provided. In one house a number of young men were trying their luck at a game of *lahl*. A large bark mat was spread upon the floor, and the gamblers, each with his heap of "goods" beside him, squatted round the mat tailor fashion. A sheaf of smooth pieces of wood was shuffled and dealt out, the drums began to beat, the players sang and jiggled their bodies as they played, voices challenged and called, the casting and guessing proceeded, stakes were lost and won, and the excitement waxed warm. A great crowd of spectators, wrapped in their blankets encircled the players, and among them was the furtive figure of Hadagim-simoigit, grasping a double-bladed dagger beneath his blanket. He edged nearer to the players until he found himself standing close behind a young man who seemed deeply absorbed in his game.

Suddenly there was a flash of gleaming steel, a swift descending stroke, an awful groan. With a whoop of triumph the slayer rushed out into the darkness of the night, and bounded away to safety, whooping as he went.

In the gambling "saloon" everybody was yelling. Howling as they went, they carried the dead man out. Women came running from all quarters when they heard the death cry, and the night was made hideous with lamentation and woe. One question was on the lips of all: "What is this, and why?" For the victim was not the one intended, but an innocent man and Shabaim-Neuk's brother!

What Hadagim-simoigit felt like when he learned that instead of executing an enemy he had actually killed a friend, history does not record. Pleading the absence of malice aforethought, he begged to be allowed to perform *gouigiani*, to which the family of his victim agreed.

"Gouigiani"

To perform "gouigiani," Hadagim-simoigit had first to collect all the goods and chattels he possibly could; and in due time he was able to invite Shabaim-Neuk to receive compensation for the loss of his brother. All the honourable men of the slayer's family went most humbly to the avenger and sat down in his wilp. A long time they sat in silence, and then one after the other presented their case, while the man to whom they addressed themselves sat scowling. Gruffly he asked for water to drink, and all jumped up to serve him. He remarked that the fire wanted repairing; they all set about doing it. They were his slaves; they performed his toilet for him, anointing him with red ochre, and arraying him in his regalia. Then they supported him as he wended his way to the slayer's house. Shabaim-Neuk was placed in a seat of honour, and Hadagim-simoigit made his humble "prayer." A leading man of Shabaim-Neuk's retinue replied to the prayer, and then the "gouigiani" began.

Shabaim-Neuk was assisted to his feet and a rattle placed in each hand. He looked bored, dis-

gusted, and sulky. Could Hadagim-simoigit make him smile? Well, he would try.

From a large cedar chest a bale of blankets was brought forth and counted, each blanket being laid at Shabaim-Neuk's feet—fifty blankets, all told! He scorned to look at them. A dozen marten skins were dangled before him, and dropped upon the blankets. He merely glanced at them. Two large bear traps were lugged out of the corner and thrown beside the blankets. There was a perceptible flicker of the eyelids. Two guns were added, but they were old-fashioned and won no recognition. A trunk, with a new suit of white man's clothes in it, was opened; the clothes were shaken out, and the avenger visibly appraised the suit out of the corner of his eye, giving the rattles in his hands a little shuffle. The sound of the rattle made Hadagim-simoigit smile, and he produced out of many wrappings a very fine double-barrelled shot-gun, quite new.

The avenger was quite interested now; his body swayed just a little and the rattles were faintly heard. More items were added, more blankets, more traps, a saw and an axe, with a corresponding increase in the motion of the rattles. A bag of money—fifty silver dollars—produced a shifting of Shabaim-Neuk's feet. Soon they would have him dancing!

Presently there was a commotion at the door, which was burst open, and a number of young men hauled in a beautiful cedar canoe which took up the full length of the house. Into this more goods were placed—two tanned elk skins, a large copper shield, a coil of rope, two cedar boxes of fish grease, a fishing-net, and a large pot. The avenger was moving his body freely now and the rattles were swishing. But he had not smiled yet. Now, how on earth could Hadagim-simoigit surprise him into smiling?

Repeating rifles were known by report among the Indians, but up to this time nobody had seen one. So when Hadagim-simoigit drew a "Springfield" from its leather case, opened the breech-block and exhibited the mechanism, every hunter present

crowded near to admire the weapon, and the avenger *actually smiled!* Not only did he smile, but he danced artistically, while the tomtoms increased their tone, and everybody clapped and applauded—the avenger was appeased, he had smiled!

“Plenty Got Um”

The years came and went, and peace seemed to reign in Gitlakdamiks; but it was always indefinitely evident in Shabaim-Neuk's wilp, in the mental atmosphere and in conversation, that only the shedding of blood, in exchange for blood shed, could wipe out the stain on the family crest. The “gouigiani” only held vengeance in abeyance, and the truce was liable to be broken at any time.

In course of time a whisper leaked out here and there that Hadagim-simoigit was dabbling in the black art. This was true, I believe, not only of him but of others. Indeed, witchcraft held such domination over the Indian mind that no deceased person was thought to have died a natural death. No one was accused openly, but many were secretly suspected, and their names whispered with bated breath; and these waxed fat and well-liking on the propitiatory offerings of the fearful. When a dying person was unconscious his relatives would actually shake him in the hope that his stammering tongue would frame the name of his “killer”!

When therefore Shabaim-Neuk's younger brother, who had now come under Christian instruction at Aiyansh, received a blow in the forehead from the rebound of his own axe, eventuating in his death, it was put down to the credit of Hadagim-simoigit; and it only needed a little more circumstantial evidence to establish his guilt and terminate the pact of peace there and then.

The watchful eye of Shabaim-Neuk lay in wait for Hadagim-simoigit. “By'm by I plenty ketch um—plenty shut um!” he declared confidently to me; and I thought he was just exhaling hot air. But before the snow had gone, he had “plenty got um.” This time there was no doubt in the mind of any one that Hadagim-simoigit was seeking to cause the death of Shabaim-Neuk's old mother.

Very quietly and determinedly Shabaim-Neuk laid before his brethren a graphic statement of his suspicions and discovery, proposing the nullification of the "gouigiani," and asking for an expression of confidence in himself as the avenger of his brother. These preliminaries having been arranged, my young friend announced that on the twenty-third day after date he would publicly execute the slayer of his brother.

Kidnapped !

When I heard this I had a long talk with Shabaim-Neuk. "Foolish man !" I said, "don't you know you will be putting a rope around your own neck if you do this thing ?"

"I know," he replied ; "All same, s'pose one man mek oder man die, he die too."

"Well," he said, as I argued with him further, "s'pose he go 'way from Gitlakdamiks. That all right—he go ; I stop along."

I then tried my hand on Hadagim-simoigit, advising him to migrate to the coast and live at Metlakahtla ; but he would not hear of it. "What ! run away from a child like that ? Never ! Let him try to fulfil his purpose. I'm ready," he said viciously.

Again, day by day, I endeavoured to dissuade Shabaim-Neuk from his purpose, but without effect. At last the twenty-second day came to a close, and I made up my mind, as a last resort, to kidnap Hadagim-simoigit that night. His wilp stood close to the river bank in the centre of the village, and a canoe could easily draw up there in the dark without being observed. So, having previously located the exact position of his sleeping-place in the house, six of my trusty Indians stealthily crept up the river in a canoe at two o'clock in the morning, and drew in beneath the bank where a small path led up to the wilp. It was all done without a sound. The door was cautiously opened, the sleeper's head wrapped quickly in a blanket, his hands and feet bound with cords, and himself bodily borne out and deposited in the canoe, which silently shoved off and drifted down the river to Aiyansh. Here we

provided temporary hospitality for him in a potato pit, and let him kick his heels there at his leisure.

Meanwhile, with the dawn, Shabaim-Neuk sanctified himself in the traditional waters of Lishimis (Naas River), anointed his body with sheep's fat and red ochre, carefully donned his regalia, and sallied forth for the great event. Standing in front of Hadagim-simoigit's door he called his name loudly, challenging him to come forth and look him in the face. But no painted figure, correspondingly attired, came forth to meet him. From house to house he went, repeating his challenge again and again. But all to no purpose—Hadagim-simoigit had vanished! Even his wife knew nothing of his whereabouts. Had he run away? Oh, no; such a thing was morally impossible.

All day long Shabaim-Neuk's nerves were subjected to much tension, expecting his enemy to step out suddenly from some quarter and get the drop on him first; so that when the shades of evening fell a natural reaction had set in, on which I had secretly counted. When his friends were gathered into his wilp that evening for what was to have been the avenger's feast, he made a speech to the effect that inasmuch as he had diligently sought his foe everywhere, with matured intent to kill him, he had practically kept his word, and there was consequently no shame now in acceding to the missionary's request to let bygones be bygones. In washing off his *mishous* (rouge) now he would divest himself also of all desire for revenge. What the missionary said was quite correct—the true light was now shining and the old deeds of darkness should be put away. Let there be peace.

And all those there assembled cried with one voice: "Ahm, ahm; let there be peace."

But there was no peace for Hadagim-simoigit in the potato pit. He was like a bear in a hollow tree, and gave us no end of trouble. And at last, when we did release him, he turned full on us the hose of vile abuse. We had made a slave of him; we had put a shame upon him which nothing could wipe out; he could only live now with a perennial blush upon his manly face; he would not accept life at

such a price ; if only he had a knife he would cut his throat now on our front doorstep, and transfer all the odium to us ; he would——

Here Abraham broke in angrily : “ Ho, he wants a knife, does he ? The wretched son of a slave-woman wants a knife, eh ? He shall have a knife, and we shall see a brave man die—we shall see a noble Haldaougit kill himself ! ” Pulling out his hunting-knife, he began to sharpen it on a stone in front of Hadagim-simoigit’s face, and then, running his thumb tentatively along the edge, he handed it to him.

The “ brave man ” received the knife with evident reluctance, and, looking at it fixedly for a moment, dropped it on the ground, saying : “ Well, I think I will be getting home now ; Nok’s Lebban will be missing me. ” And off he went amid roars of laughter from those who had witnessed the scene.

“ Falling to Rise Again ”

After this Shabaim-Neuk came to see me very often, and I found him quite docile and teachable. He was evidently feeling his way to better things. But other temptations took hold of him. The following spring he went with some miners to work on the Stickine River gold fields, and came back in the autumn bringing with him a young woman of the Tenne nation, to whom he gave a sitting place in his wilp. The poor girl could not speak a word of Nishga, and she suffered much from the women of Shabaim-Neuk’s household. It was sad to see her, wrapped in a skimping bit of a shawl, sitting and staring into the fire, as though in the flickering flames she could descry the picture of her home and the image of the faces of her people. I feared very much she would die, for she became very ill, and was utterly neglected. So I placed her in charge of Abraham’s wife at Aiyansh, dear old Esther, who crooned over her, called her “ daughter,” stroked her brow, and lavished the love of a mother’s heart upon her. The mission provided her with food and medicine, and supplemented her scanty wardrobe with some warm garments. When the beautiful sunny days of

spring returned, and the ice had cleared out of the river, I sent her back to her own country and her own people, with her heart-break fairly mended and her health restored.

Shabaim-Neuk was much changed now—his sprightliness had gone, and his self-assurance. He was, I found, convinced that he was a bad man, and therefore ashamed to think any more about better things. But it remained for him still further to plumb the depths of his natural depravity. At his fishing camp that summer, through some neglect on the part of his old mother, his eldest boy fell into the river and was drowned; and in the evening, when Shabaim-Neuk returned from fishing and saw the dead body of his child, he struck his poor old mother across the face. This was more than the high-spirited old lady could stand; so she went out into the wood behind the camp and hanged herself to the branch of a tree.

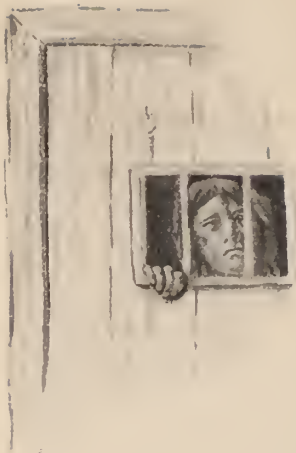
My friend's heart was now completely broken—there was absolutely nothing left of the old Shabaim-Neuk spirit. "*Gusgaul hadakqui! Gusgaul hadakqui!*" ("How sinful am I! How sinful am I!") he moaned, and the tears streamed down his face as he sat in my room.

"You are not any more sinful now than you were before," I replied, "only then you did not know it. But now temptation and trial have revealed it to you. You can see plainly that you need to be saved. You are the very man Jesus Christ came to save. He Himself said: 'I came not to call the good ones, but the bad ones to repentance.'"

"*Net, net,*" he groaned, "*la aluda laui gon.*" ("Yes, yes, it is all plain to me now.")

* * * * *

So Shabaim-Neuk repented and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and lived a happy Christian life for many years at a mission on the coast, out of sight of the scene of his dark heathen life, his trials and temptations. He trusted in God that He would deliver him from sin in this life, and receive him into the place prepared for him hereafter; and when it came to "crossing the great divide" he was not disappointed of his hope.



A Bad Egg

HE was said to be a "bad egg," but nevertheless I rather liked him. He had a "way" with him, which if he could only have lived up to it, would have made him a permanently decent fellow. He tried, in his own way, and I did my best for him, endeavouring to teach him something of what Christianity really meant; but, though willing enough to learn, he did not accomplish much. His ability of comprehension was either of too low an order or very much hedged about by a wild growth of preconceived notion, and so I had to relegate him to my class of "stagnant cases."

One of the most delicate tasks in missionary work is the clearing away of this sort of wild growth in the native mind. One is tempted either to leave it alone and trust to the inculcation of new ideas to displace it, or to make a clean riddance of it at once by direct frontal attack. But the wise missionary will follow neither of these methods; for he knows that to leave it alone would give the impression that it did not matter, and to make open attack upon it would mean putting the man's mind on the defensive, an attitude to be avoided. He will rather try to undermine it and blow the whole thing up without being seen, as it were.

The subject of this sketch had a notion that

in prayer he must "eat his tears," roar like a moose, and (in common with many others), no matter who was leading, roam off on his own account. Having completed this exercise to his satisfaction, he considered himself free to kick his wife or quarrel with his next-door neighbour.

The Cure

How was he to be cured of those tears? The worst of it was, my disciple thought a lot of them—they gave him such a position of pre-eminence! And he could shed them copiously at will, that is, in public; in the privacy of his own wilp they were not to be thought of. The missionary was more bothered by those tears than the man who shed them, and so he thought they ought to be dried up. But first the roaring must be stopped—it was that which precipitated the moisture. And so, quite innocently, as it were, I began to make a point of alluding to the fact that God was blind, as though my hearers thought He was. This hurt them rather. "We know that God is not blind!" they said.

"Oh, indeed; I thought, perhaps, that as you considered Him deaf, you also supposed Him to be blind!"

"Deaf! Deaf! Who thinks Him to be deaf?"

"Well, some of you roar at Him when you pray, and so I imagined you thought He was deaf."

It would take a stronger man than my friend to roar after that; and when the roaring stopped, the tears ceased to flow.

But I still had to rectify the Indian's wild conception of united prayer, which was that of every man with a petition of his own—*alta voce*, out for himself! I tried to get them to sing like that, and, after the first attempt at variety practice, they asked me if I thought they were fools. I replied that as they persisted in praying in that manner, I supposed they would like to sing that way too; but, of course, if it made them feel like fools, then we would adopt a saner method. And so the ground was cleared of that bit of wild growth, and nobody received a scratch.

But my friend, Gamode, felt it very irksome to grow under cultivation; in fact, if he could not grow like a weed he preferred not to grow at all. And so, after a few years of ups and downs, he migrated to another place, relapsed into heathenism for a time, and then again set out as a pilgrim for the heavenly land.

He came under my tuition a second time; but he was so set in his own ideas that it was not possible to teach him much. His whole conception of things was shattered by the fact, hitherto unnoticed, that there would be no marrying or giving in marriage in the future state!

Before the Bench

As a magistrate I had this wayward child of the forest before me many times—and the tears! But the hard-hearted “Bench” said to himself: “Nothing doing!” and to the prisoner: “You are a disgrace! You will be doing something one of these days that will put a rope round your neck, if you do not mend your ways.” And yet (whatever be the reason underlying such feeling) I liked the fellow better than many another who never gave me trouble.

Some twelve years ago I found myself trying to nurse back to health and godliness a derelict mission on the lower Naas. I found Gamode there, broken and battered, it is true, but still with a remnant of grace in him. He had wandered farther and fallen lower. I was glad to see him at last in church, and by-and-by to hear him roar and weep.

Strange to say the tears became him at this time, and there was a deep break in his voice. Once more he tried to take his place among the disciples, but found no niche in anybody’s estimation where he could fit in. Nobody had a good word for him—he was an outcast. But, denied a seat in the coach, he held on behind and—I encouraged him.

In Prison

Again, five years later, when at Lak-Kalzap, I learned that Gamode was in prison. He had got into the habit of manufacturing intoxicating liquor,

and drinking himself into insensibility. In such crazy condition, he one morning opened fire with an automatic rifle on a motor boat, and wounded a woman who was on board. For this he was arrested and sent to prison for trial. He was tried at Rupert, fined heavily, and released on suspended sentence. I hardly knew him when he came back to Lak-Kalzap, so chastened was his mien. One ray of light fell athwart all this darkness—the knowledge of the Gospel, once imparted, returns not void.

“Yes,” he said, “God knows I am bad; and I know that God is good. His mercy is greater than my sin. In prison I remembered your words when I almost felt the rope round my neck; and I wanted to kill myself. I was too vile to live. Then, as day after day passed away, my mind began to clear. I thought about God, but felt too wicked to look up to Him, so I began to insult the Evil One to his face. Then I remembered texts I had been taught: ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ And another said: ‘Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.’ I remembered the *limik* I used to sing at Aiyansh, “*Dum ginetqu nei*” (“I will arise”), and my heart suddenly said: ‘I will, I *will*—I will arise and go back to my Father’—for—for my heart was broken.”

Breaking and Making

Thus it was that in the prison one day a “crazy Indian” was heard “roaring” out for God, “*Oh, Simoigit, gaimgaudin laui; gaimgaudin laui!*” But this sort of thing was against the rules of the prison. There was a rattle of keys in the lock, the cell door flew open, and a gruff voice ordered: “Silence!”

The prisoner heard but heeded not. What! Keep silence now and God ready to hear him? Never! And how could he pray if he did not shout?

A rough hand jerked him back off his knees, and a stern voice cried: “Shut up!”

He took no notice. Surely the white men know

he was a sinner and *must* come to God. Like blind Bartimæus when told to hold his peace, he cried out the more! "*O Mini, Jesus gaimgaudin laui.*"

The gruff voice said: "Do you think there is any God going to hear a scoundrel like you? Keep quiet now, or it will be worse for you."

But the Indian prayed on: "*Gaimgaudin laui, Simoigit, hadakqu nei.*"

Exasperated, the warder rushed off upstairs to get the manacles, and for a moment the prisoner continued his prayer unmolested. Then there was a sound of a heavy body falling, and a confused murmur of voices at the end of the corridor. The warder had fallen downstairs, and the open handcuffs had closed with a snap on the bridge of his nose, piercing it through! It required a surgical operation to extricate them, and many weeks rest in hospital for recovery.

Meanwhile the "crazy Indian" was allowed to pray in his cell without hindrance, and as loud as he liked. And at the end of three months, when he was leaving to stand his trial, a kindly but disfigured warder shook him by the hand, telling him he had earned a good "record" and should have a good "report" to speak for him before the judge.

* * * * *

Yes, Gamode *is* changed—I never saw a man so changed—and I believe he is doing very well. Sometimes it seems to be necessary to break a man in order to make a man. But this is a work that God alone can do.

That I should be able to write about Gamode in this way is, to me, the most wonderful thing in the world. Gamode, by common consent the "bad Injun" of the Naas! And yet there are people in the Christian Church who look coldly on missions.



A Woman Witch Doctor

WHILE waiting for my train one day at Oxford, I espied among the literature set out on the waiting-room table a copy of the C.M.S. Annual Report, and, upon turning over the leaves, found them stamped here and there with a legend "READ THE FREETHINKER," while over one page was written in a bold business hand: "DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON MISSIONS." Free-thought, and waste of money on missions—two impossible things!

By some subconscious process of mental association whenever I look at old Naks Stabah I seem to see that unknown hand tracing the words: "Don't waste your money on missions," and I smile.

Picture a midwinter night forty years ago. The spacious low-roofed native houses are lit up by huge crackling fires, around which groups of blanketed and befurred Indians gather for their evening meal. The hum and chatter of many voices are punctuated now and then by a loud laugh, a child's cry, or the yelp of a dog, kicked out of his expectations. These sounds harmonize with the ordinary composition of the scene. But, hark! That long low interjected wail of agony strikes a discordant note—what does it mean?

Oh, that is the plaint of a sick woman. The

witch doctor has been sent for, and will be there directly after supper. The patient lies on a mat on the floor near the fire, with a pillow under her head, panting and moaning and looking expectantly towards the door. Ah, here she comes.

Into the circle of flickering light, with its deep shadows, comes a woman of perhaps forty years of age. She has a strong dark face, with a questioning, serious look in her keen black eyes. A large abalone pearl adorns her under lip, a walrus whisker, like a skewer, transfixes her nose, while masses of crinkly coal-black hair fall down her neck. Her blanket is caught at the breast with a double clasp of abalone, and she has a bundle in her hand.

Squatting down on her heels beside the sick woman she repeatedly places her hands on the patient's forehead, drawing them down firmly over the breast and sides; she then sits motionless, looking long and fixedly into the sick one's eyes, while the family group arranges itself around some tomtoms (native drums) and a sounding-board on the other side of the fire. By-and-by the silence is broken by a peculiar sound, something like a young cock's first crow, involuntarily coming from the doctor's throat, who shudders and sighs. A whispered murmur of congratulation runs round the house—the diagnosis is good!

The doctor now “lights up” and smokes furiously, feverishly doffing her clothes under cover of the blanket, and as rapidly donning the short leathern kilt and leggings of the medical profession. She smears with ochre her body, which is naked from the waist up, and also her face, black and red, and puts a crown of bears' claws upon her head. She is now ready for the operation, and begins by massaging the patient, whose groanings gradually die away.

The supreme moment has now arrived. Hunching herself up, but still squatting low, she grasps the rattle, and swish-r-r-r-r, swish-r-r-r-r it goes, her body swaying, jerking, and stretching over the patient, while the tomtoms, and a number of boys drumming on a board, keep time. Faster and

faster goes the rattle ; quicker and more violently sways the witch, while the perspiration rolls off her body in streams ; weird sounds come through her lips, her eyes protrude horribly, snakishly, and at last she collapses. The confusion and drumming gradually wane to silence, and leave her sitting motionless and staring unnaturally, and—the patient is asleep ! But, oh, the darkness and utter hopelessness of it all !

Martha Rather Than Mary

It is summer, and the cool west wind blows the ozone from the sea up into the valley. The white wings of a large canoe flutter in the breeze, and the graceful canoe ploughs the river with a curl of foam beneath her prow. The distant mountains draw ever nearer ; the rapids are passed and the totem poles of an Indian village come into view. A motley crowd on the river bank sullenly watches the missionary disembark. A few men bid him welcome.

He makes for Stabah's house this time. Sitting on a black bearskin with his crew of Indians round him, the missionary watches Naks Stabah (Stabah's wife, the witch doctor), whose dishevelled masses of crinkly black hair almost hide her face. A silvery salmon, which has been cut up and placed in a pot on the fire, claims her attention, but every now and then she pauses to listen to the conversation, sometimes exclaiming : " E'ah ! "

The meal finished, a few friendlies gather round to listen to the visitor. The home at Bethany is the theme, and Martha and Mary live again. It is Martha rather than Mary who appeals to the heart of the Indian woman sitting there ; perhaps the description fitted—" careful and troubled about many things ; but one thing is needful. " The cares ! Ah, yes : there are plenty—one's own and those of others. And the troubles !—every day there is trouble : one day it is envy, another day it is slander ; the morning brings bickering, which ripens into malice before noon and brings forth revenge in the evening. What can one do ? Is it possible to throw it all off as a filthy garment, and

take this "one thing needful," with its promise of cleansing, pardon, and peace ?

A Baptism

Eventually "the day" dawns. Amid a cloud of witnesses Naks Stabah stands forth and confesses Christ as her Saviour. On her head she wears a black cotton kerchief, and over her shoulders a shawl caught at the breast by a large pin. The voice of the missionary is heard: "Martha, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And again: "We receive this person into the congregation of Christ's flock; and do sign her with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter she shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end. Amen."

When we began our plans for building the church at Aiyansh, I formed the women into a guild of which Naks Stabah was the head. They had their regular days of meeting when they gathered together for prayer and work. They made all sorts of useful things which were sold at a profit. In three years they accumulated a fund of £75 towards furnishing the church. It was also their duty to take turns in nursing the sick and looking after the aged and infirm, whose blankets and clothing they kept clean. A good road leading up to the church was a necessity, but I could not prevail upon the men to do the work. In this emergency, Naks Stabah said to me: "Don't ask the lazy fellows again; we will do it." And they did do it! One cannot imagine Aiyansh without Naks Stabah. She never misses a service or is absent from a meeting. Very often she addresses the women, and it is a pleasure to hear her; but to hear her pray is in itself a revelation. For thirty-one years her life has been without spot or blemish.

Her eldest and only living son is deformed and a lunatic; his name is David, and according to Indian custom, she is generally called Noks

David (the mother of David). Poor little misshapen, misnamed David! He is about forty years old, and his mother loves him just as much as, perhaps more than, if he were an Adonis.

A Joan of Arc

In the history of our work on the Naas River there have been crises—difficult and even dangerous times. On such occasions Naks Stabah has been a veritable Joan of Arc, inspiring and confirming the faith of many, including the missionary himself. One very blue Monday she thought it her duty to hearten up the missionary, and this is how she went about it: “Well, sir,” she said, “you have seen the Lishimis (Naas River) running to the sea, and you have noticed that there are stretches of good water and of bad. Well, such is life. Through bad and good the river runs down to the sea, as the life of the believing man runs to the bosom of God. We are in a bad stretch of life just now, but it is not the life that is bad but the circumstances—like the rocks in the canyon. These we will pass through safely with care, and again enter into peace beyond. Does not the Holy Spirit wield the steering-paddle of our frail canoe? Can you not trust Him Who knows the river so well? He has never yet had an accident, and no lives have ever been lost under His guidance. Then strengthen your heart, sir, and look up; remember the ancient days, and the wonderful salvation God always wrought for those who trusted in Him.”

A Speech to her Sisters

I am glad to be able to reproduce here a short address given by Naks Stabah, written down immediately after the meeting. It is the duty of the women's working guild to keep the church swept and garnished. This duty had been neglected for some weeks, so I had to speak about it at their meeting. Naks Stabah also spoke, in her shaky quavering voice—she is very old now—and this is what she said:

“My dear sisters, you have heard the words of our teacher and guide. His words are necessary to

us. It is important that he should often repeat them. The cares of living, of making and mending, make us apt to forget. But it is more important to remember the duties we owe to the Chief of Heaven. Now, about this matter of the *wilp-chudge* (i.e. wilp-church—church-house), you know the duty of keeping it clean has been committed to us from the beginning. You know this. Then why is not the duty attended to? You must understand that it is a great privilege to work for *Minum Chesus* (our Lord Jesus); it is a great privilege to sweep out His house and keep it clean. He has done so much for us in cleansing our lives from the unmentionable things of heathenism, that surely it ought to be a pleasure to us to keep His house clean. You know why it is called a wilp-chudge? You know what a chudge is, don't you? A chudge is a great man, a man who puts transgressors of the law in the scales, and weighs their deeds. The chudge lays down the law. The chudge brings hidden things to light, and condemns the wicked man. And that is why the house of God is called a wilp-chudge, because He chudges men in that house. He lays down the law of heaven in that house. He chudges the intents and purposes of men's hearts in that house. It is a great privilege to sweep the Chudge's house. Yes, a great privilege to work for Minum Chesus, my sisters. Then don't neglect the wilp-chudge again."

The dear old soul had imagined that "church" and "judge" were one and the same word, but she made excellent sense out of her mistake.

* * * * *

Naks Stabah's earthly pilgrimage is now drawing to a close; her eyes are dim, and her natural strength is failing. For some years she has derived her daily bread from the produce of her little garden, but even that is now a thing of the past. But the question as to what she shall eat or wear does not trouble her mind, for, as she says: "*Lip wilaikl Minum Chesus*" ("Our Lord Jesus Himself knows").

Work and Needs of the C.M.S.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY was founded in 1799, just after the French Revolution, when our country was financially in low water. But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, the founders of the Society believed it to be their paramount duty to obey the last command of our Lord: "Go ye and teach all nations."

The Work of the C.M.S. To-day

European missionaries of the Society now number 1329; they include clergymen, doctors, nurses, teachers, evangelists, and industrial agents. They are assisted by some thousands of native workers, chiefly the fruits of the efforts of the missionaries in previous years. The work is carried on in schools and hospitals, churches and mission rooms, in the homes and in the streets, in Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, North-West Canada, and British Columbia. On an average 411 adult converts, after careful instruction, are baptized each week.

The Needs of the C.M.S. To-day

Hundreds of young men and women are required for foreign service. Some are wanted for pioneer work among untaught tribes, and others are needed to help "build up" the native Churches. If more missionaries were available a number of the converts could be instructed and trained to become Christian teachers, and it would then no longer be necessary to say "No" to the many people who are asking to be taught of the one great God; in Africa and India especially there are long waiting lists of inquirers.

Thousands of men and women of all ages are required for home service—to pray daily and definitely for those on foreign service and to provide the munitions for their work; an annual income of £400,000 is needed. A large sum? Yes, but pence quickly mount into pounds if given regularly by a large number of people. The amount required is small compared with what is expended on many things; for instance, before the war Great Britain was spending £20,000,000 a year on amusements, eleven times the amount that was contributed to all missionary societies. We cannot control what others do (though we can influence them), but we can see to it that our own money is spent in better proportion.

The interest of those on home service will be kept alive by reading one of the C.M.S. illustrated magazines—for adults: "C.M.S. Gleaner," one penny; "Awake," one halfpenny; and for children: "The Round World," one halfpenny.

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